

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 25. 36

NORTHFIELD, MASS., MARCH 4, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Ever think of it? Spring is Coming

You can buy artificial teeth with which you can eat, but you can't buy artificial EYES with which you can see.

Those you have will answer your purpose if you take care of them.

WALTER E. FELTUS, D. O.,
Eyesight Specialist

Can be consulted at his office at the Dr. Pentecost residence

Monday, Mar. 28 Robbins & Evans

WOOD, GATES & CO.

Harry C. Gates, Sole Owner and Proprietor

"For our patronage we depend upon what this Store IS, for what it HAS and for what it DOES."

Spring Dress Goods Opening. In the leading Spring Shades at 50 cents and \$1.00 per yard. Colors: Black, Navy, Alice Blue, Reseda, Myrtle, Wisteria, Lavender, Smoke, Tan, Cream, etc.

Beautiful line of Dress Trimmings. All 1910 Patterns.
Tucked Lace Net, 27 inches wide, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per yard. Colors: Butter, Ecru, Arabian.
Suesine Silk, advertised in all the Magazines for 47½ cts. Our price, 39 c.
Silk Pongees, 30, 50 and 75 cts.
New Dress Skirts at \$5.50. Colors: Black, Navy, Green, Red, Smoke, Tan and Shepherd Checks.
Send us 25 cts. and we will send you 12 beautiful Easter Post cards, - no two alike.
We sell the New Idea Patterns, any size, any style, 10 cts. each.
Let us send you samples of anything we carry in the Dry Goods line.
We want YOUR Trade.

WOOD, GATES & Co., ORANGE, MASS.

EGGS FOR SETTING

I have sold in past years at a donation price of 60 cents per setting. I can afford to furnish eggs at that price now but if you desire selected stock from Standard bred Single Comb Rhode Island Reds the price this year is 10 cents per egg. Also a few choice Cockerels at a sacrifice. \$3.00 to \$6.00.

GEORGE R. WITTE

PERHAM'S INN

Pleasantly situated amid the famous old elms on Main Street. Excellent Table and Service
\$2.00 Per Day
Weekly Rates on Application

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY CONNECTED

M. O. PERHAM, PROP.

Have you a
Graphophone
in YOUR
House?



We have a large line of Shirt Waists

at
Reasonable Prices

Which we shall be
pleased to show you.

NOW is the time
To Buy

Northfield.

A fine assortment of Easter cards at the PRESS store.

Miss Lawrence, who has been spending the winter in Philadelphia and New Haven, returned to her home on Saturday.

Richard Lynde Selden of Deep River, Conn., has rented, through Elliott W. Brown, Dr. Thompson's well-known cottage, Kenjockey, on Rustic Ridge. Mr. and Mrs. Selden and daughter, Miss Daphne, will occupy the cottage during July and August.

Dr. Baright of Plainfield, N. J., has been visiting his parents and sister, Mrs. Leon R. Alexander.

Wallace Holton and family are now occupying the Pentacost cottage.

Miss Pearl Otis has returned from a visit with her grandparents in Connecticut.

A handsome remembrance in the shape of a lamp was sent a few days ago to Mrs. B. D. Callender at Franconia, N. H., by the members of the Northfield grange as a token of their appreciation of her efficient services while here.

In the passing of Thomas Mattoon last week, Chas. W. Mattoon is now the only male member of this well-known Northfield family.

Have you seen those shirt waists at Robbins & Evans?

We published an interesting letter last week from Rev. D. M. Wilson and after going to press we received one from Dr. Geo. F. Pentacost, which we take pleasure in printing in another column. These good words from former residents of Northfield are quite flattering and we are really beginning to wonder why everybody doesn't take the PRESS.

Read C. C. Stearns' new ad this week on the eighth page.

Dr. George Callender of Boston is here visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. T. R. Callender.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Webster, who have been on a six weeks' visit in the Sunny South, returned Wednesday.

The body of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Quinlan of Orange, N. J., was brought here on Wednesday for interment.

March records for graphophone are now on sale at the PRESS store. Come in and hear them.

Prof. Dudley of Mount Hermon will lead the meeting at Sage Chapel next Sunday evening.

One of three boys who ran away from the state school at Waverly was overtaken by an officer in Northfield on Wednesday. After a good square meal he seemed ready to return. The other two were found Tuesday evening.

Sam. Walter Foss, the well-known poet, recently lectured at Mt. Hermon school on "The Use of the Library." At the close of the lecture he gave several selections from his own poems.

"I am glad Wood, Gates & Co. are advertising in the PRESS," said a lady to us a few days ago. "I got some of their samples and they have just what I wanted." Mora! it pays to advertise.

For over twenty-two years Warren Barrett has been employed by the late Chas. H. Green and Mrs. Green. This is a good record of faithful service.

The result of the basket ball game in the gymnasium between Northfield and Barreboro last Monday evening, was 28 to 17 in favor of the Barreboro team.

Miss Farley has resigned as gymnasium instructor in the seminary. Miss Anna Day will take her place for a month.

Miss Eva Tower has resigned as principal of the high school to accept a position at Amherst college. Miss Tower did excellent work as principal while here and all regret that she is leaving. The good wishes of her many friends go with her to her new home.

Miss Jean Brown, now at the Woman's Medical school, Lodianna, India, thought enough of a sample copy of the PRESS which was sent her, to subscribe for a year. "It is the first thing that makes me feel I am getting back to my former life."

The School Reports of Northfield, Leyden, Gill and Warwick are now out. They are first class reading and we call special attention to the report of the school physicians. Pages 30 to 33 should be read three times by every parent in Northfield.

Miss Laura Martineau of West Northfield has accepted a position with the Northfield Press.

St. Patrick's Day and Easter Cards in large variety at the PRESS Store. First come, first choice.

Visitors are welcome at the Press Office. Come in and see the paper printed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dunnell gave a birthday party in honor of their son Ray's ninth birthday last Saturday. A dozen or more youngsters had a fine time and Ray was made happy by a number of gifts.

Miss Mary Mead, formerly of Brattleboro, died in Hampton, Va., Feb. 23. She was a sister of Larkin Mead, the sculptor, William Mead, the architect, and Mrs. Wm. D. Howells and a cousin of Mrs. Mead and Mrs. Sherwin of Northfield, and often visited here. She was 60 years of age. The interment was in Plainfield, N. J., last Saturday.

Miss Della Joslyn of Somerville is here with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Clark on account of the death, last Monday, of her uncle, Horace Reynolds. The funeral services were held in Putney, his native place, yesterday.

Mention should have been made last week of the singing of Myron Dunnell and Hazel Holton at the performance of the Northfield minstrels. They were the youngest to take part and their specialty was very pleasing to the audience.

Miss Mary Jackson of Newton, a guest at "The Northfield," was taken suddenly ill last Monday and was operated on by her family physician and surgeons from Greenfield and Springfield on Wednesday.

J. H. Lamb of Greenfield makes an announcement in another column. Read it.

A funeral service was held at the home of Mrs. Cornelius Walker last Friday, afternoon, conducted by Rev. N. Fay Smith and Rev. A. E. Phelps. The Estey chorus sang a hymn. Interment took place at the Center cemetery on Saturday forenoon. Relatives from out of town who came for the funeral included Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cheney and Mr. and Mrs. Boardman and child of New Jersey Paul D. Moody of New York, Mrs. Elizabeth Washburn of Racine, Wis., Mrs. Leonard Moody of Chicago, Mrs. A. Zimmerman and Miss Hortense Zimmerman of Brooklyn and Mrs. Julia Merriman of Shelburne.

Word has been received of the death in Somerville of Joseph P. Boyce. The funeral was held there Sunday afternoon and the body brought to Northfield on the 1.30 p. m. train for burial.

Mrs. Mary Shea of Meadow street will open a grocery store in Springfield March 1.

Miss Lucy M. Webster returned yesterday from several weeks' visit in Orange and Springfield.

Miss Emma Alexander has gone to Clinton, Mass., for a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Lillian Martin Sullivan.

An invitation from the Alliance at Greenfield has been extended to the Northfield Alliance to attend a meeting in All Souls' church. Rev. A. P. Reccord of Springfield will speak on Loyalty to Church.

George Elmer, who has been here since his brother's death, left on Monday for his home in Providence, R. I.

Many are disappointed over not getting the Town Reports. The delay is through no fault of the Selectmen but because the printer who took the contract was unable to get them here March 1.

The Fortnightly meets next Tuesday instead of Monday. Miss Daisy Dickinson in charge. Topic, "Womanhood in France."

Regular meeting of the Grange Tuesday, March 8, when the program for April 12 will be given.

The supper and play given by the Grange last night were excellent. Everybody was pleased and cooks and performers are to be congratulated.

Sorry to have disappointed several of our friends who wanted extra copies of The PRESS last week. It was a case of greater demand than supply. We are printing 750 this week and can spare a hundred or more for sample copies, if you will merely send us the names of your friends who will be interested in our paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green of Orange, N. J., spent Sunday with Mrs. Charles Green. Miss Fanny Green went back with them for a short visit.

We print this week on page 3 a good story by the popular writer, O. Henry.

In addition to our own pledge of \$5.00 toward a graphophone for Dr. Grenfell's hospital in Labrador, we have received from Mrs. I. S. Breinig, \$5.00 and from Mrs. H. B. DeWolf, \$2.00. We trust the full amount will soon be subscribed.

A stereopticon lecture will be given at Stone Hall on Monday evening, March 7, by Prof. C. U. Clarke of New Haven brother-in-law of Mrs. Bess Whittle. The subject is "Madrid: the Prado and a Bull Fight."

The second annual concert will be given by the Northfield High School in Town Hall, March 14, 1910, at 8 o'clock. The cantata "The Wreck of the Heperus" will be sung, preceded by a short miscellaneous program.

The High School chorus will be assisted by Mr. F. H. Miller, Baritone, of Brattleboro, Miss Rema Reckahu, Soprano, of Northampton, Mr. Maurice Kendall, Tenor, of Boston, and Mr. William Spencer Johnson, Pianist, recently from Leipsig, Germany.

The proceeds of this concert will be used to assist the Senior Class in the expense of their trip to Washington.

At the meeting of the Eastern Star Wednesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Webster gave a very interesting account of their trip to the South.

Miss Fishback who graduated from the Seminary in 1899 has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fitt.

Vacation of lower grades of Public Schools next week.

FARMERS INSTITUTE

Under the auspices of the Grange and Franklin County Agricultural Society a Farmers Institute will be held in Northfield Town Hall on March 10, morning and afternoon.

Dr. Twitchell of Maine will speak in the morning on Dairying and in the afternoon on some general subject. Dinner will be served at noon.

This will be a meeting which no farmer can afford to miss.

Mt. Hermon School.

Although no work was omitted here in celebration of Washinton's birthday, the following Thursday was observed as a holiday.

Prof. Cutler and Mr. Drury have returned from their tour of the Hermon reports of their trips.

The senior class celebrated their "emancipation" from the two hours work, last Thursday. From now on until graduation they have the privilege of sitting to gether as a class in West Hall and of not having to do any work.

Last Saturday the Philomathean society spent the evening initiating five new members.

The Good Government club celebrated its annual banquet at the Northfield on Saturday. R. L. Watson acted as toastmaster.

Prof. Dickinson gave an illustrated lecture on Haley's comet last Saturday, under the auspices of the Pierian society.

Sunday Rev. J. N. Pierce of the Puritan Congregational church of Brooklyn preached here on the advantages of the ministry. Rarely has a more interesting and inspiring sermon been given at the school.

Last Monday Crossley Hall gave a reception to the faculty. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was rendered as part of the program. An inspection of rooms followed.

The Overtown Hall association spent a pleasant evening last Monday sitting around a roaring fire, and telling stories. Light refreshments were served.

Gill

John C. Delvy, 74, died at his home in Gill on Thursday morning. He had a shock about eight weeks ago, from which he never rallied. He has been in poor health for several years. Mr. Delvy was born in Gill March 17, 1836. He was a veteran of the civil war, a member of Co. C. 27th regiment, Massachusetts volunteers. He leaves, a widow, one daughter, one son. The funeral will be held Saturday at the home at 1.30 p. m.

STATESMEN GIVE THEIR O. K.

Governors, Senators, Congressmen and Scores of Others Declare Prohibition Succeeds.

Remarkable Testimony Published For First Time Strengthens Reform Argument.

Governors, senators, congressmen, mayors and many other prominent officials in city, state and nation contribute to the Prohibition year book for 1910 their views on the progress of the reform throughout America.

Representative paragraphs from this wholly new testimony as regards the results of Prohibition and no license where such legislation is now in force evidence the effective material which has been collected and classified in the 1910 year book. Every friend of the Prohibition cause as well as all who are interested in the progress of reform will read this new testimony published in the year book with genuine interest. Among the many contributors are these:

Governor W. R. Stubbs of Kansas in the course of a timely letter to the year book says:

"The result of Prohibition in Kansas may be epitomized in the single and simple word 'success.'"

"So far as my knowledge goes or my inquiries can reveal, there is not a fixed or established saloon, joint or gin mill of any kind or character whatever in the state of Kansas at the present time, and whatever little traffic in liquor survives is carried on by bootleggers."

"The crying necessity of the hour among temperance people is to compel the internal revenue service through the president or congress to dissolve partnership with this class of outlaws."

Governor R. S. Vessey of South Dakota in his contribution to the year book writes:

"During the past year many important steps have been taken in the matter of temperance reform, and there is no doubt but that interest in the movement will continue until an ultimate victory is secured."

"More progressive temperance legislation was secured the past year than any one year since South Dakota entered statehood."

United States Senator William P. Frye writes from Maine to the year book:

"In my opinion Prohibition has worked well in the state of Maine. The country portion is almost free from the violation of the law. Of course the cities offer more difficulties in the enforcement, especially where the municipal officers are in opposition. I fully believe if the law was submitted to the people it would be sustained by a good majority. I have always been a Prohibitionist and in favor of total abstinence."

Congressman Benjamin B. Humphreys writes the year book from Mississippi:

"I believe that the law forbidding the sale of liquors in this state is well enforced. In this town and throughout this congressional district it is rigidly enforced. I am sure that 90 per cent of the people are in favor of the law and its enforcement. There is no earthly probability that the law will ever again authorize the sale of liquor in this state."

Superintendent of Public Instruction W. L. Stockwell of North Dakota writes the year book:

"I am an ardent advocate of Prohibition, and, while I realize that this law is not always enforced as it should be, still I am firmly convinced that public sentiment is more than ever behind the enforcement of the law and that North Dakota will never see the open license saloon. Our children grow up almost, I think, without knowing what the saloon is. School attendance is improving every year, and the amount of money for school purposes is increasing."

Allen J. Barwick, chief clerk of the department of public instruction of North Carolina, writes the year book:

"There is no doubt in our minds that the movement that resulted in the adoption of Prohibition in this state received its greatest impetus from the beginning of scientific instruction on the effects of alcoholics and narcotics in the public school several years ago."

"Prohibition could not be the success it is in this state without the wholesome public sentiment which certainly exists, and we believe that education among the children has brought it about."

Among the many distinguished men

and women who contributed to the year book in addition to those noted above are:

George S. Waldron, statistician and economist, author of "Currency and Wealth."

Dr. Alfonso A. Hopkins, author of "Wealth and Waste" and "Profit and Loss in Man."

Hon. Samuel Dickie, president of Albion college, Michigan.

Dr. Silas C. Swallow, Prohibition candidate for president in 1904.

Hon. Eugene E. Chafin, presidential candidate in 1908.

Hon. J. M. Hervey, attorney general of New Mexico.

Hon. Fred S. Jackson, attorney general of Kansas.

Hon. C. L. Young, assistant attorney general of North Dakota.

Hon. Daniel R. Anthony, representative in congress from Kansas.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, editor of the American Journal of Inebriety.

Hon. T. M. Gilmore, president of the National Model License league.

Professor R. Herod, Lausanne, Switzerland, editor of L'Abstinence.

Alfred R. Ecroyd of the National Anti-alcoholic league of Spain.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of Battle Creek sanitarium.

Miss Cora Frances Stoddard, Scientific federation, Boston.

Mrs. Edith Smith Davis, national superintendent of scientific temperance investigation (W. C. T. U.).

G. H. Benton, M. D., of West Virginia, secretary for the Society of Alcohol and Narcotics.

Giovanni Rorhat, leader of the Anti-alcohol federation of Italy.

Harry S. Warner, author of "Social Welfare and the Liquor Problem."

George W. Hoffman, insurance expert.

Hon. Finley C. Hendrickson of Maryland.

Hon. A. A. Stevens of Pennsylvania.

Hon. A. G. Wolfenbarger of Nebraska.

Hon. Alfred L. Manierre of New York.

Mrs. E. Norine Law, author-lecturer, and nearly 200 others.

Some Samples of the Liquor Trade's Foxy Hypocrisy.

The smooth systems by which some of the great trusts have evaded and defied state and federal legislation is surpassed by the countless schemes by which the liquor traffic has sought to mislead public opinion, subsidize newspapers which could be directly or indirectly bribed and organize apparently independent social and business movements which, secretly manipulated, would act as a buffer of protection between them and the rising tide of adverse public sentiment.

The American Prohibition year book for 1910 summarized the novel interview which was secured by the Associated Prohibition Press with the president of Chicago's so called United Societies and in which that gentleman admits that his organization is merely the tool of Chicago's brewers. This admission was amply confirmed in the 1909 elections, in which the United Societies endorsed as friendly to the liquor traffic nearly a dozen of the most corrupt and dangerous politicians that ever secured office in the city of Chicago.

Liquor Traffic as Seen Behind the Bar.

Pointed testimony is given in the national Prohibition year book for 1910 showing the moral blight of the retail liquor business as revealed from behind the bar by men who have become disgusted with the trade. Data from recent articles are well summarized for the busy reader.

One typical bit of testimony from this material is the quoted story of "An Alcohol Slave," whose bitter experience prompts this epigrammatic declaration:

"Every day that the saloons are open in saloon licensing states some saloon keeper or bartender shoves across the bar a glass of 'cool, refreshing' beer to a young man and says, 'You are big enough to drink beer now.'"

The testimony of another that the average receipts of an ordinary city saloon run from \$30 to \$40 a day cannot fail to be suggestive to every student of the reform.

Why Liquor Is Greater Menace Than Tuberculosis.

Why the alcohol problem is more important than the battle to eliminate tuberculosis is pointed out by Dr. George W. Webster of Chicago, president of the Illinois state board of health, who in the course of an effective comparison, noted in the American Prohibition year book for 1910, just published, says:

"The liquor traffic cost the United States in direct money loss over \$2,000,000 last year. It cost, directly and indirectly, at least 10 per cent of all deaths in the United States. It predisposes to infection, destroys acquired immunity, prevents the occurrence of artificial immunity, lowers vitality and increases mortality in all diseases and in surgical operations."

Spanish Politeness.

In Spain no one enters or leaves a railway carriage without bowing politely to the occupants, and the person who enters a shop and asks for what he wants without first greeting the shopkeeper is considered very ill-mannered.

FOR AN IDEAL TOWN

Movement Suggested In Which Everybody May Assist.

SANITATION A BIG FEATURE.

Public Baths, Clean Streets and Yards Are Necessities and Will Greatly Help Town's Progress—Good Schools and Playground For the Children.

What is the secret of that wave of town and city improvement effort which is so conspicuously sweeping over the country? Civic improvement has always been a need—not less great at the beginning than now, though only in recent years has it led to energetic action. At the present time the movement is continent wide and has enlisted all sorts and conditions of people.

Has one business or industrial interest? Civic improvement facilitates the transportation of merchandise by street and rail and water; it lessens wear and tear by the improvement of pavements; it broadens markets by the attraction of residents, transient and permanent; it increases the efficiency of labor by the provision of a more wholesome environment and the opportunities for healthful but inexpensive recreation.

Has one interest in sanitation? Pure air, pure food and pure water are among its objects, and better housing is one of its first desires. Public baths, clean streets, clean yards are included in its propaganda, and it is one of the best things for the betterment of towns.

Has one love for little children? The child is the special ward of the civic improvement effort. For him the playground is equipped, for him the school is made healthful, efficient, beautiful without and within; for him are the swimming holes in the parks, the skating ponds and toboggan slides, the ball grounds, the inter-playground meets, and for the little mother are story telling, sewing and singing, the swing, the flowers and for her charges the sand box. Civic improvement paints out the sign of "Keep Off the Grass."

Does one look back instead of forward? The worthy landmarks of the past are preserved, the historic sites are marked and the beauty of earlier architecture is revered.

Is one's interest in sociology? The playground, the park, the better housing make their appeal. The social center, the recreation house with its evening entertainments, the better factory surroundings, the folk dance, the many and various activities which are included in the growing social service of the parks, even the civic club itself in its essential democracy—all this is effort that will not be denied and will tend to attract settlers to the towns.

Is one's interest in landscape art? There are the parks, the ornamental squares and open spaces, the improvement of grounds surrounding public and private buildings and the preservation of viewpoints and natural beauty.

Is one rich? To him appeal the drives, the increased splendor of environment, the great avenues. Is one poor? For him are the public gardens, the vacant lot cultivation and all that beauty and comfort and pleasure which is proffered to the citizens as a common possession.

Does one love animals? The drinking fountains on the streets, the sheep on park meadows, the birds and waterfowl, even the zoo and aviary make him a recruit.

Is one a craftsman? There are the street furnishings to interest him—name signs, light standards, trolley poles, all the fixtures of the common way.

Does one, without pretending to art, yet loving beauty and grace and fitness, feel affection for the town and city where men congregate and dwell, to surround with pleasantness the lives of the people? He may enter the billboard fight, join the anti-smoke leagues, encourage the preventive work of the juvenile street cleaning organizations, join the tree planting societies and work to secure municipal control of the street trees and expert care for them.—C. M. Robinson in Craftsman.

A Town Improvement League.

The town of Merrimack, N. H., has started a novel movement for improvement by organizing an improvement league. It will devote itself to getting good roads, wise care of trees and forests, clean streets and the removal of unsightly billboards, to encouraging lectures, music and art and to securing a better co-operation between the selectmen, the town officials and the local clubs and societies. But the thing about the league which is especially interesting is that instead of having a cash membership fee it proposes that all who are connected with it shall render actual service. If it succeeds in that endeavor it may expect to bring much to pass.

Do you take the PRESS?

TRIED IT ON DAD.

Botanist of the Family Treats the Old Man on a Discovery.

A prominent Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place.

"These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father; I gathered them specially for you," answered the dutiful son.

Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face. "Good morning, dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply.

"Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

"Why, of course not!" answered the professor.

"Hoorah!" said the botanist. "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"—Success Magazine.

Not a Laughing Matter.

They were gliding round the ballroom to the strains of a soft, dreamy waltz.

Suddenly he tripped and fell sprawling to the floor, carrying a goodly portion of his charming partner's gown.

Roars of derisive laughter greeted his contortion, and ruefully he extricated himself from the masses of chiffon and lace.

Reaching the side of a gentleman whose face had not assumed even the ghost of a smile, he burst out gratefully:

"Sir, you are a gentleman! You are the only man in the room who did not grin when I had the misfortune to tear that lady's dress!"

"Don't thank me, my dear sir!" replied he of the stony stare. "The lady happens to be my wife, and I paid for that dress!"—Answers.

The Cowardly Egg.

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me on the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."—Everybody's.

Gems of Indexing.

The following are to be found in the catalogue of the Squantum Corners Public library:

Bacon; Its Preparation.

" on Inductive Reasoning.

Lead Poisoning.

" Kindly Light.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Easier.

Johnny—The medicine ain't so nasty as it usetr be, mommer. I'm gettin' used to it.

Mommer—Do you take a whole spoonful every hour?

Johnny—No'm. I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm usin' a fork.—Cleveland Leader.

"Mary Ann Hubble."

I once knew a woman named Mary Ann Hubble. And this woman always was looking for trouble. She was looking all day from the time she got up to the candlelight hour when she sat down to sup. She would look all around her and search high and low. Just looking for trouble where'er she would go.

And you may be sure that this Mary Ann Hubble had more than her share of what people call trouble. —Deborah E. Olds in St. Nicholas.

Side Lights on History.

Peter the Great had started in to learn the ship carpenter's trade.

"I would have shipped as a sailor before the mast," he explained, "only I don't like the idea of being called 'old salt Peter.'"

Warning the jackies that "shiver my timbers" would be considered leze majesty and punished as such, he proceeded to chase the shavings along the workbench.—Chicago Tribune.

Suited the Action to the Word.

How very tiresome is the man Who always is explaining, "Can You beat it?"

I hate that phrase. It makes me swear, I duck and dodge, but everywhere I meet it.

"Beat it, beat it if you can!" It's awful, but I have a plan To meet it.

The moment some one asks me that For answer I put on my hat And beat it.

—Kansas City Times.

Small Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same."

"I don't find much change," remarked the waiter as he took up the dime that was left from the two dollar bill.—New York Journal.

Standing Still.

Do you remember the story of the young lady who went into a well known establishment and said to the "aisle director," "Do you keep stationery?" "No, miss," replied the young man. "If I did I'd lose my job."

It's a good story because it is funny. It is a better story because it makes you think.

How about yourself? Are you "stationary" or are you on the job and making things hum, even if it is a warm day?

More Truth Than Poetry.

He didn't have a dollar; he didn't have a dime.

His clothes and shoes were looking just as though they'd served their time.

He didn't try to kill himself and dodge misfortune's whacks.

Instead he got some ashes and filled five dozen sacks.

Then next he begged a dollar, and in the papers next morn

He advertised tin polish that would put the sun to scorn.

He kept on advertising, and just now, suffice to say,


His advertising has built a cottage out in California by the bay.

—Coolidge (Kan.) Leader

Mary's Mutton.

Mary had a little lamb That filled her mind with grief. She knew she'd get a better price Had it been made of beef.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Columbia

Disc and Cylinder

Records

fit any "talking machine," and make it sound almost as good as the Columbia Graphophone.

The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Fines tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

FOR SALE BY
NORTHFIELD PRESS

SISTERS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

Tale of a Queer Happening on a Sightseeing Car.

By O. HENRY.

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

The rubberneck auto was about ready to start. The merry top riders had been assigned to their seats by the gentlemanly conductor.

The megaphone man raised his instrument of torture; the inside of the great automobile began to thump and throb like the heart of a coffee drinker.

The top riders nervously clung to the seats; the old lady from Valparaiso, Ind., shrieked to be put ashore. But



SHE AND THE GIRL SPOKE RAPIDLY TOGETHER.

before a wheel turns listen to a brief preamble through the cardiophone, which shall point out to you an object of interest on life's sightseeing tour.

Swift and comprehensive is the recognition of white man for white man in Africa wilds; instant and sure is the spiritual greeting between mother and babe; unhesitatingly do master and dog commune across the slight gulf between animal and man; immeasurably quick and sapient are the brief messages between one and one's beloved. But all these instances set forth only slow and groping interchange of sympathy and thought beside one other instance which the rubberneck coach shall disclose.

You shall learn (if you have not learned already) what two beings of all earth's living inhabitants most quickly look into each other's hearts and souls when they meet face to face.

The gong whirled, and the glaring-at-Gotham car moved majestically upon its instructive tour.

On the highest rear seat was James Williams of Cloverdale, Mo., and his bride.

Capitalize it, friend type—that last word—word of words in the epiphany of life and love. The scent of the flowers, the booty of the bee, the primal drip of spring waters, the overture of the lark, the twist of lemon peel on the cocktail of creation—such is the bride. Holy is the wife, revered the mother, gallant is the summer girl, but the bride is the certified check among the wedding presents that the gods send in when man is married to mortality.

The car glided up the golden way. On the bridge of the great cruiser the captain stood, trumpeting the sights of the big city to his passengers.

Confused, delirious with excitement and provincial longings, they tried to make ocular responses to the megaphonic ritual.

Bidden to observe the highlands of the Hudson, they gaped unsuspecting at the upturned mountains of a new laid sewer. To many the elevated railroad was the Rialto, on the stations of which uniformed men sat and made chop suey of your ticket.

And to this day in the outlying districts many have it that Chuck Conners, with his hand on his heart, leads reform and that but for the noble municipal efforts of one Parkhurst, a district attorney, the notorious "Bishop" Potter gang would have destroyed the law and order from the Bowery to the Harlem river.

But I beg you to observe Mrs. James Williams—Hattie Chalmers that was—once the belle of Cloverdale. Pale blue is the bride's. If she will, and this color she had honored. Willingly had the moss rosebud loaned to her cheeks of its pink, and as for the violets, her eyes will do very well as they are, thank you. A useless strip of white chaf—oh, no, he was guiding the auto car—of white chiffon, or perhaps it was grenadine or tulle, was tied beneath

her chin, pretending to hold her bonnet in place.

And on Mrs. James Williams' face was recorded a little library of the world's best thoughts in three volumes.

Volume No. 1 contained the belief that James Williams was about the right sort of thing.

Volume No. 2 was an essay on the world, declaring it to be a very excellent place.

Volume No. 3 disclosed the belief that in occupying the highest seat in a rubberneck auto they were traveling the pace that passes all understanding. James Williams, you would have guessed, was about twenty-four. It will gratify you to know that your estimate was so accurate. He was exactly twenty-three years, eleven months and twenty-nine days old. He was well built, active, strong jawed, good natured and rising. He was on his wedding trip.

Dear, kind fairy, please cut out those orders for money and forty horsepower touring cars and fame and a new growth of hair and the presidency of the boat club. Instead of any of them turn backward, oh, turn backward, and give us just a teeny-weeny bit of our wedding trip over again. Just an hour, dear fairy, so we can remember how the grass and poplar trees looked and the bow of those bonnet strings tied beneath her chin, even if it were the hatpins that did the work. Can't do it? Very well, hurry up with that touring car and the oil stock, then.

Just in front of Mrs. James Williams sat a girl in a loose tan jacket and a straw hat adorned with grapes and roses. Only in dreams and milliners' shops do we, alas, gather grapes and roses at one swipe.

This girl gazed with large blue eyes, credulous, when the megaphone man roared his doctrine that millionaires were things about which we should be concerned. Between blasts she resorted to Epictetan philosophy in the form of pepsin chewing gum.

At this girl's right hand sat a young man about twenty-four. He was well built, active, strong jawed and good natured. But if his description seems to follow that of James Williams divest it of anything Cloverdalian. This man belonged to hard streets and sharp corners. He looked keenly about him, seeming to begrudge the asphalt under the feet of those upon whom he looked down from his perch.

While the megaphone barks at a famous hostelry let me whisper you through the low tuned cardiophone to sit tight, for now things are about to happen, and the great city will close over them again as over a scrap of ticker tape floating down from the den of a Broad street bear.

The girl in the tan jacket twisted around to view the pilgrims on the last seat. The other passengers she had absorbed. The seat behind her was her Bluebeard's chamber.

Her eyes met those of Mrs. James Williams. Between two ticks of a watch they exchanged their life's experiences, histories, hopes and fancies, and all, mind you, with the eye, before two men could have decided whether to draw steel or borrow a match.

The bride leaned forward now. She and the girl spoke rapidly together, their tongues moving quickly like those of two serpents, a comparison that is not meant to go further. Two smiles and a dozen nods closed the conference.

And now in the broad, quiet avenue in front of the rubberneck car a man in dark clothes stood with uplifted hand. From the sidewalk another hurried to join him.

The girl in the fruitful hat quickly seized her companion by the arm and whispered in his ear. That young man exhibited proof of ability to act promptly. Crouching low, he slid over the edge of the car, hung lightly for an instant and then disappeared. Half a dozen of the top riders observed his feat wonderingly, but made no comment, deeming it prudent not to express surprise at what might be the conventional manner of alighting in this bewildering city.

The truant passenger dodged a hansom and then floated past, like a leaf on a stream, between a furniture van and a florist's delivery wagon.

The girl in the tan jacket turned again and looked in the eyes of Mrs. James Williams. Then she faced about and sat still while the rubberneck auto

stopped at the flash of the badge under the coat of the plain clothes man.

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the megaphonist, abandoning his professional discourse for pure English.

"Keep her at anchor for a minute," ordered the officer. "There's a man on board we want, a Philadelphia burglar called Pinky McGuire. There he is on the back seat. Look out for the side, Donovan."

Donovan went to the hind wheel and looked up at James Williams.

"Come down, old sport," he said pleasantly. "We've got you. Back to Sleepytown for yours. It ain't a bad idea hidin' on a rubberneck, though. I'll remember that."

Softly through the megaphone came the advice of the conductor:

"Better step off, sir, and explain. The car must proceed on its tour."

James Williams belonged among



"COME DOWN, OLD SPORT," HE SAID PLEASE-ANTLY.

the level heads. With necessary slowness he picked his way through the passengers down to the steps at the front of the car. His wife followed, but she first turned her eyes and saw the escaped tourist glide from behind the furniture van and slip behind a tree on the edge of the little park not fifty feet away.

Descended to the ground, James Williams faced his captors with a smile. He was thinking what a good story he would have to tell in Cloverdale about having been mistaken for a burglar. The rubberneck coach lingered out of respect for its patrons. What could be a more interesting sight than this?

"My name is James Williams of Cloverdale, Mo.," he said kindly, so that they would not be too greatly mortified. "I have letters here that will show."

"You'll come with us, please," announced the plain clothes man. "Pinky McGuire's description fits you like flannel washed in hot suds. A detective saw you on the rubberneck up at Central park and phoned down to take you in. Do your explaining at the station house."

James Williams' wife—his bride of two weeks—looked him in the face with a strange, soft radiance in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks—looked him in the face and said:

"Go with 'em quietly, Pinky, and maybe it'll be in your favor."

And then as the glaring-at-Gotham car rolled away she turned and threw a kiss—his wife threw a kiss—at some one high up on the seats of the rubberneck.

"Your girl gives you good advice, McGuire," said Donovan. "Come on." And then madness descended upon and occupied James Williams. He pushed his hat far upon the back of his head.

"My wife seems to think I am a burglar," he said recklessly. "I never heard of her being crazy; therefore I



IT TOOK FIVE OF THEM TO PLUCK THE PINKY must be. And if I'm crazy they can't do anything to me for killing you two fools in my madness."

Whereupon he resisted arrest so cheerfully and industriously that cops had to be whistled for and afterward the reserves to disperse a few thousand delighted spectators.

At the station house the desk sergeant asked for his name.

"McDoodle the Pink, or Pinky the Brute. I forget which," was James Williams' answer. "But you can bet I'm a burglar. Don't leave that out. And you might add that it took five of 'em to pluck the Pink. I'd especially like to have that in the record."

In an hour came Mrs. James Williams, with Uncle Thomas of Madison

avenue, in a respect compelling motorcar and proofs of the hero's innocence, for all the world like the third act of a drama backed by an automobile manufacturing company.

After the police had sternly reprimanded James Williams for imitating a copyrighted burglar and given him as honorable a discharge as the department was capable of Mrs. Williams rearranged him and swept him into an angle of the station house. James Williams regarded her with one eye. He always said that Donovan closed the other while somebody was holding his good right hand. Never before had he given her a word of reproach or of reproof.

"If you can explain," he began rather stiffly, "why you?"

"Dear," she interrupted, "listen. It was an hour's pain and trial to you. I did it for her—I mean the girl who spoke to me on the coach. I was so happy, Jim—so happy with you that I didn't dare to refuse that happiness to another. Jim, they were married only this morning—those two—and I wanted him to get away. While they were struggling with you I saw him slip from behind his tree and hurry across the park. That's all of it, dear. I had to do it."

Thus does one sister of the plain gold band know another who stands in the enchanted light that shines but once and briefly for each one. By rice and satin bows does mere man become aware of weddings. But bride knoweth bride at the glance of an eye. And between them swiftly passes comfort and meaning in a language that man and widows wot not of.

When Children Smoked.

Jorevin de Rochefort, who published in Paris in 1871 an account of his travels in England, tells the following:

"While we were walking about the town (Worcester) he asked me if it was the custom in France as in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

In England at the time of the great plague it was reported that no one living in a tobaccoist's house fell sick of the disease. This caused a great demand for tobacco. Hearne says in his diary, "I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say that when he was a schoolboy at Eton that year when the plague raged all the boys of that school were obliged to smoke every morning and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking."

In the Nick of Time.

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cab in the far distance, and it soon became evident that the driver was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cab's chances looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it!"
"No; he'll just do it!"
"Come on!"
"He won't do it!"
"Yes, he will. He's done it! Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cab arrived, its occupant sprang out and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.
It was the captain.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Ladder.
"Yes; I began at the bottom of the ladder, and now look at me!"
"But you admit, do you, that somebody else provided the ladder?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nothing So Sordid.
Young love its little quarrels has, Its passing grief, But not upon such subjects as The price of beef.
—Pittsburg Post.

Circumstantial Evidence.
"De Villers has quit scorching."
"Machine all in?"
"Nope; he's dead."
"Oh, that doesn't prove anything!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Martyrs of the Air.
Death comes to daring spirits Who wing the blue. The sparrow's fall is heeded. Will man's be too?
—New York Sun.

A Common Weakness.
Landlady—Yes; I must confess I have a weakness for coffee.
Boarder—It must be sympathetic. The coffee has the same quality.—Cleveland Leader.

Timely Warning.
Proprietor—I am satisfied with your work, Pusher, and I will raise your salary from \$10 to \$12 a week; but, mind, that does not mean that you must go and get married on the strength of it.—New York Times.

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Northfield Press

The Banquet Hookmaster.

All hail the toastmaster, ye Chicago banqueters!

Next, koto to the hookmaster!

He is the latest addition to the ceremonial staff of the proper large dinner function, where speeches are scheduled. It is the duty of the toastmaster to start things, but the hookmaster ends them. Long prosy addresses, dragged out regardless of time limits and settling heavy on the average digestion, are brought to a happy terminus by the efforts of the banquet hookmaster.

At a recent downtown dinner of south side political workers the hookmaster was introduced for the first time. He bore a real hook of amateur night proportions. Further, he was equipped with an alarm clock, which pealed wildly at the end of every five minute easement of oratory. No "untoward" scene occurred, for, mindful of the grim poise of the hook, each speaker rigidly restricted himself to his allotted speech portion.

It has been suggested that at meetings of various characters the hookmaster might supplant the dormant sergeant-at-arms.—Chicago Tribune.

Wagner in the House.

If Shortstop Hans Wagner should really be elected to congress it is possible that his maiden speech in the house would go something like this:

"I'm swinging hard against this bill, Mr. Speaker, and if it comes within reaching distance I'm going to slam it against the score board. I've been watching this play from the bench, and it looks like a hippodrome to me. The guys that are trying to get the bill over are doing a funny stunt, all right, but they ain't cut the corner of the plate with me. No, sir. Oh, I'm on to their signals! While our side is stealing second the other fellows will steal everything in sight. That ain't the way I was brought up to run the bases. I slide for 'em—an' no spiking! If I'm thrown out I take my medicine like a little man. I ain't used to playing in the dark with a lot of tricky outlaws. Give me a fair field and no favor and straight umpiring and a seven pound wagon tongue, and I'll hand this bill a smote that will carry it over the fence of defeat and drop it in the back alley of oblivion. That's me, Honus Wagner!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Golf Problem.

The new assistant secretary of the treasury, James Freeman Curtis, was while at Harvard the intercollegiate golf champion of America.

"Curtis was in my class," said a Harvard man the other day, "and he often amused me with his golf problems. This is one of them:

"Two men, A and B, were at the third tee. A made a superb drive, but a cow swallowed his ball, whereupon he whacked her with his club to such good purpose that she advanced and disgorged the ball at the edge of the third hole, and he holed out with one more stroke and claimed the hole in two.

"But B said:

"No; your score is not 2; it is 17."

"How so?" said A indignantly.

"Because," said B, "you hit the cow with your club fifteen times. That, plus your drive and putt, makes seventeen exactly."

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

W. W. Coe A. P. Fitt

NORTHFIELD - MASSACHUSETTS

Entered as second class matter.

One Dollar a year in advance. Foreign, \$1.50. Single copies, 5 cents.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 4. 1910

We urge upon the serious attention of our readers the communication from the committee of the Civic League. It emphasizes a point that is too often overlooked on election day. No one can deny the importance of the license issue, but there are those who, strange to say, are indifferent to it, and these very persons would, no doubt, express the greatest surprise and regret if the question should be decided the wrong way. Even as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so too, is it the only safeguard against the liquor traffic. The citizens of Northfield should, by all means, keep this in mind next Monday. We believe the question will be decided No. We hope it will be so overwhelmingly No, that the issue will be practically settled forever for Northfield.

As the town meeting draws near, it becomes more and more evident that our citizens are deeply interested in the situation arising from the fact that the usual party primaries were not held and that all candidates are before the people by nomination papers. There are practically no party lines. Individual fitness will be the one test. Who among all the candidates will perform his duties best if elected? Who will be most faithful to the obligations of his office. ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS AND YOU WILL KNOW HOW TO VOTE.

President Eliot's Three Reasons for No-Licenses.

1. "I feel as if it had now been proved that it is physically, mentally and morally for the advantage of the people as a whole to go without alcoholic drinks, as a rule."
 2. "When I see a great collective good accomplished at the expense of a loss of a trifling or unwholesome bit of individual liberty, I am reconciled to that amount of interference with liberty. Many a time insistence on individual rights has defeated or postponed great collective advantages."
 3. "By keeping my mind open, I have had opportunities of learning some things about the drink problem in Cambridge. We have learned that it is possible to exclude the saloon completely from a city of 100,000 inhabitants without creating any alcoholic substitutes therefor. In advance of this local experience, I did not believe such a result to be possible."
- "It is desirable to procure an outright support of no-licensing for its own sake—that is, for the good it does to all the men, women and children."

From Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost D.D.

PENTLANDS, TOKENEKE PARK, DARIEN, CONN., Feb. 26, 1910
Editor The NORTHFIELD PRESS:

I wish to congratulate you on the general improved appearance in make-up and contents of the PRESS. It does you credit and Northfield credit that she is ready to sustain such a paper. All success to you.

Though no longer a resident of beautiful Northfield, where I have lived for thirty-three years, we shall always love the dear old town, nor cease to regret that circumstances made it necessary for us to move down nearer to the center of things.

Our new house, just completed, and in which we have been living for a month past, is beautifully situated in this beautiful park, overlooking the Sound and just one hour out of New York.

When our Northfield friends are passing this way, we hope they will not pass us by. Our latch string will always be hanging on the outside for them.

Yours truly,

GEO. F. PENTECOST.

General Manager Hedley of the New York Interborough Transit company says that he will do as he pleases. Not if he rides on one of his own trains.

So Wellman is to balloon across the Atlantic! The ocean is a big pond, and Wellman has a habit of coming down.

Advocates of postal savings banks evidently bank on a tumble in the price of living some day.

YES OR NO.

It is a useless task to set forth the reasons why Northfield should continue the policy of no-licensing. However the case may be in other towns in this state, here at any rate, the people do not want a licensed liquor saloon set as a trap before our citizens. They do not believe in it from the standpoint of public morals nor of expediency. They have threshed over and over again the old familiar arguments of the men who want to sell liquor, or who prefer to drink it in a legalized saloon rather than in a kitchen, a barn, a cellar or some other place under the ban of the law. It is useless to try to make the people of Northfield believe that "as much liquor is sold under No as under Yes, that 'we might as well have the license fee' or that 'the law cannot be enforced.' They know better. They have come to believe that the steady policy of voting out the saloon is one of the assets of the town worth advertising, and that any other policy would be a decided injury to it from any point of view. If there is any danger of reversing this policy, it is not because the voters do not believe in it.

And there is a danger of taking this disastrous backward step every single year. Last town meeting day out of 363 registered voters only 188 registered their conviction on the license question at the polls,—and that's the only place where convictions on this question count for much. And right here is the danger this year. It is worth while noting that the 'Yes' vote in Northfield increased last year more than 100 per cent over the vote of 1908, while the 'No' vote increased less than 20 per cent. Men who do not want a licensed bar in this town must not allow any ordinary thing to keep them away from the polls next Monday. And once at the polls, Vote and Vote 'No.' Last year 29 voters went to the polls who did not vote on the license question—13 per cent of the total vote. This is the danger point in Northfield.

COMMITTEE OF THE CIVIC LEAGUE.

Northfield Farms

Miss Bessie Hammond went to Springfield to work in a millinery store the first of the week.

Henry Hammond who has been working in Colrain through the winter has returned to his uncle Lincoln Hammond.

Albert Nadeau of Charlemont visited his uncle Eugene Lazelle and brother George Nadeau recently.

Norman Greeuwood has returned from Maine.

C. A. Parker is the possessor of a fine new Edison phonograph.

Mariettas' Club will meet with Mrs. Arthur Hart March 10.

Putnam and Wood have begun the manufacture of Yankee Mustard.

A large party attended the chicken pie supper and dance which was a decided success, many coming from Northfield, Millers Falls and Greenfield. \$41 were cleared. A fine new piano has been bought for the Hall, and it was in use for the first time on this occasion.

It is all paid for and a little money left over.

Thomas B. Mattoon.

Thomas Bardwell Mattoon died last Friday morning at his home on Parker avenue. He was born in Northfield, January '21, 1825, and was a direct descendant of the first settlers of the town. He married in 1850 Susan Parkhurst of Ludlow, Vt., who died about two years ago. He has had varied experiences during his life. When he was a young man he went to the Grand Banks on a fishing cruise. This was during the great storm when only three of the 13 vessels that went out from Provincetown returned. He drove one of the first stages for his uncle on the route from Bellows Falls to Rutland, Vt. In 1853 he went to California, where he remained for about three years. From 1865 to 1870 he was proprietor of the old hostelry in the town, and later he ran the Nassawanno House at Palmer for three years.

Mr. Mattoon leaves three children, George P. of Worcester, Mrs. Anna Phelps and Miss Gertrude C. of Northfield, one grandson, John Phelps and a great granddaughter, Alice G. Davis, of Milford.

The interment was on Sunday. Rev. N. Fay Smith conducted the funeral.

An Old Time Winter.

It was so cold in New York part of the winter of 1770 that residents in the vicinity were compelled to cut down the tall trees that stood at what is now the head of Wall street to make kindling wood.

A Queer Cure.

At Loch Carron, Scotland, a certain cure for erysipelas is to cut off half of the ear of a cat and let the blood from either half drop on the inflamed parts.

Change in Date.

The Boys' Brigade entertainment committee wish to announce that the next entertainment will be on Monday evening, March 28, instead of March 25, as advertised. On this date an exceptional musical treat will be given by the combined musical clubs of Mount Hermon school under the leadership of Prof. Arthur R. Spessard. The number of performers will be between 50 and 60 men. The following musical organizations will be represented: Orchestra, glee club, mandolin club, brass quartet, and violin trio. Mr. Spessard is not only a most successful musical director, but an exceptionally fine reader, and will give several selections during the evening. The concert will be in the Town Hall.

West Northfield

Mrs. D. L. Preston and Mrs. Leslie Tyler are ill with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Aldrich spent a few days in Athol last week with their son.

Miss Helen Hammond is visiting in West Windsor, Vt.

Miss Bessie Donahue has returned to her home in Windsor, Vt.

Mrs. Harry Foley is visiting her parents in Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. William Aldrich is visiting her sister in Chicopee.

The Lend A Hand society served a baked bean supper in Johnson's hall Friday evening. A short program was given consisting of a comedy in one act entitled "The Smith Mystery," and solos by Mrs. Harry Foley and Dayton Parks. Proceeds amounted to about \$20.00.

The pastor's sermon topic next Sunday morning will be "Conversion, or Becoming a Christian."

The topic for Y. P. S. of Loyal Workers will be "Not I, but Christ." Leader, Laura Martineau.

Evening at 7.30. Service of song, followed by the pastor.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather last Sunday evening, there was a good attendance at the L. W. meeting, and much interest in the reports of those attending the convention at Westfield.

A new electrical alarm clock uses dry batteries to ring a bell, supply a small incandescent light with current and start a fire in an alcohol lamp with a platinum wire, all by completing a circuit when the hour hand touches a third hand set at a designated time.

A curious method of sterilizing the air in rooms has been tried in Paris. Glycerin in small drops is scattered along a cylinder containing a suction fan, and the air pumped in it is thus charged with fine glycerin particles, which fall to the floor, carrying all dust and germs with them.

A woven basket, so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass to appreciate the skill of the workmanship, is claimed to be the smallest in the world. It is a trifle over one-eighth of an inch in diameter, hardly large enough to hold a drop of water, and every stick is perfect.

Accessions of almost priceless value form a part of the 167,677 volumes which were added during last year to the library of congress, making the total number of volumes in that great library 1,702,635. The valuable additions include a set of the great Chinese encyclopedia given by the Chinese government.

A notable addition to the monuments of Vienna will be that of Johann Strauss, which is rapidly approaching completion at the studio of Professor Edmund Hellmers. It will be in the form of a pergola, in the center of which there will be a statue of heroic size of the "waltz king" holding his violin.

In a new form of electric arc lamp the carbons are formed and supplied as consumed. The lamp is provided with two receptacles, in which the plastic material is placed, and this is fed through tubes to form the two electrodes of the arc. The ends of the electrodes are baked by means of electric heating coils, and the process is a continuous one.

Chicago housewives have won a victory in the highest court in the state. The supreme court of Illinois has decided that no more inflated, short weight loaves of bread may be sold in Chicago. The court upheld a Chicago ordinance requiring that the weight of a loaf of bread be plainly marked thereon and that all loaves weigh one pound or multiples or fractions thereof.

While Europe is filling up the United States with immigrants, Americans are colonizing in Mexico. Of 600,000 acres acquired in the Yaqui valley farmers from California have taken and settled upon 100,000 in two years. South of Hermosillo 100,000 acres are held by New Yorkers. Los Angeles people have a tract of 110,000 acres near the gulf of California. In the district of Altar, Kansas City people have bought 1,000,000 acres of grazing land.

ELLIOTT W. BROWN
REAL ESTATE

Special Representative of the Rustic Ridge Association

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Commonwealth of
Massachusetts.

FRANKLIN, SS CASE 16,037. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of AMOS D. ELMER, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate, by Marietta E. Elmer of said Northfield, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the third Tuesday of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid or delivering a copy, of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. FRANCIS N. THOMPSON, Register.

3w35

Town Warrant.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Franklin, ss.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Northfield in the County of Franklin.

Greeting:
In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of said town, qualified to vote in elections and in town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall in said Northfield, on Monday, the Seventh day of March next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to act on the following articles:

ARTICLE 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

ART. 2. To hear the reports of the several town officers and committees, or act thereon.

ART. 3. To choose all necessary officers for the ensuing year, the following to be on one ballot, viz.: Town Clerk, Treasurer, three Selectmen, one Assessor for three years, Auditor, Collector of Taxes, three Constables, one School Committee for three years, also to bring in their ballots, yes or no, in answer to the following question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this town?"

ART. 4. To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer with the approval of the Selectmen, to make temporary loans, or act thereon.

ART. 5. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$50 for Memorial Day exercises, the same to be paid to and expended by G. A. R. Post 171, or act thereon.

ART. 6. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$150 for the care and improvement of cemeteries, or act thereon.

ART. 7. To see if the town will raise a sum of money for the observance of "Old Home Week," or act thereon.

ART. 8. To see what action the town will take in regard to discount or interest on taxes, or act thereon.

ART. 9. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$1410, the amount of interest and eighth bond on the Bridge debt, or act thereon.

ART. 10. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$600 to apply on the Town Hall debt, or act thereon.

ART. 11. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$400 to apply on the Schoolhouse debt, or act thereon.

ART. 12. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$400 to apply on sidewalk debt, or act thereon.

ART. 13. To raise such sums of money as shall be necessary to defray town charges for the ensuing year, or act thereon.

ART. 14. To determine the salary of the Tax Collector, or act thereon.

ART. 15. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$150 to be used by the Tree Warden for the care and preservation of trees, or act thereon.

ART. 16. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money to employ a School Physician, in accordance with Chapter 502 of the Acts of 1906, or act thereon.

ART. 17. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$300 to apply on Field Lot debt, or act thereon.

ART. 18. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$300 to make alterations at the Library as required by the District Police, or act thereon.

ART. 19. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$300 to gravel the South Vernon road between Leslie Tyler's and the new road leading to the depot, or act thereon.

ART. 20. To see if the town will vote to purchase a parcel of land on southeast corner of the Richardson place, for a gravel bank, or act thereon.

ART. 21. To see if the town will raise and appropriate the sum of \$100 to be paid to the First Congregational Unitarian Parish of Northfield, for use of the Horse Sheds situated in the rear of their church, or act thereon.

ART. 22. To see if the town will raise and appropriate the sum of \$100 for the purpose of bonding its town officers, or act thereon.

ART. 23. To see if the town will vote to pay to M. T. Moore, collector, the sum of \$32, paid by him to the National Surety Co. for bonds, or act thereon.

ART. 24. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money for the purchase of tables for town hall banquet room, or act thereon.

ART. 25. To see if the town will accept the layout of the selectmen of a highway leading easterly from the residence of A. T. Pierson to the Winchester road, and raise and appropriate a sum of money for building same, or act thereon.

ART. 26. To see if the town will accept the layout of the selectmen, to extend Glenwood Ave. to connect with Birnam Road and to raise and appropriate a sum of money for this purpose, or act thereon.

ART. 27. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money to enforce all town ordinances with instructions to the selectmen therewith, or act thereon.

ART. 28. To see if the town will instruct the selectmen to enforce the state motor vehicle laws, adopt a speed limit for any or all sections of the town, place warning signs at necessary points and make an appropriation to be expended therewith, or act thereon.

ART. 29. To see what action the town will take in regard to lighting the streets and highways and to make any appropriation therefor, or act thereon.

ART. 30. To see if the town will raise and appropriate \$300.00 to build a new Ferry Boat for Munn's Ferry, or act thereon.

ART. 31. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money for plowing snow on sidewalks, or act thereon.

ART. 32. To see if the town will raise and appropriate a sum of money to gravel the highway near the B. F. Streeter place, or act thereon.

ART. 33. To see if the town will vote to rent the town hall basement to the Northfield Grange and fix an annual rental for same, or act thereon.

And you are directed to serve this warrant, by posting up attested copies thereof at the Post Offices, Northfield, East Northfield, West Northfield, Northfield Farms, and at the Schoolhouse, District No. 6, in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at the time and ecoaplfmeeting, as aforesaid.

Given under our hands this 19th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten.

SAMUEL C. HOLTON, } Selectmen
ARTHUR W. PROCTOR, } of
FRANK H. MONTAGUE, } Northfield.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

First Parish (Unitarian)
Main St. and Parker Ave.
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church Notes.

New hymnbooks, or rather, new copies of an old hymnbook, "Church Hymns and Gospel Songs," were placed in use in the Congregational church last Sunday.

The communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed at the North church next Sunday. Five new members are to be admitted.

The Rev. A. E. Wilson of Clinton, Mass., who preached very acceptably last Sunday in the Unitarian church, will occupy the pulpit again next Sunday. The parish meeting announced for last Monday evening is postponed until next Monday evening.

Mr. Witte spoke at the meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary society at Mr. Roberts on Wednesday.

Drink's Worst Trap For Labor.
The diabolical system of the liquor traffic by which it reaps a regular weekly harvest from workingmen through the cashing of pay checks is given concrete attention in the American Prohibition year book for 1910. "No man should be forced to go into a saloon to get his check cashed," declared President Urlick of the Iowa Federation of Labor in commenting upon the strike. "If he does he hates to buy a five cent glass of beer and tender a thirty dollar check in payment. The chances are he will spend a dollar or more before he leaves the place."

Greeting From Clara Barton.
Miss Clara Barton, founder and for twenty-three years president of the national Red Cross movement in the United States, sends to the 1910 year book a greeting rich with the spirit of her eighty-eight years of devoted service and consecration to humanity. In her message Miss Barton writes: "I am watching with inexpressible interest the progress of the great national Prohibition movement. In my belief the subject is greater in its purpose and more far-reaching in its worldwide results than one at this moment can fully comprehend."

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Early Iron Works.

In 1658 Captain Thomas Clarke, in company with John Winthrop and others, put in operation an "iron worke" at New Haven, Conn. This enterprise embraced a blast furnace and a refinery forge.

The Word "Mile."

The word "mile" is derived from the Latin "mille," a thousand. A thousand paces of a marching soldier made the old Roman mile.

The Stormy Petrel.

A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel, the smallest webfooted bird known. It belongs to every sea, and, although so seemingly frail, it breathes the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests. Petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.

A Pauper Prince.

In a guidebook of Venice, compiled for strangers, is this notice: "When visiting this palace strangers should show themselves especially generous in their tips, as the prince who occupies this palace has no other means of support than to share in the money given to his domestics."

Washing the Capitol's Face.

The United States capitol receives its annual bath a short time before congress convenes, the toilet articles used consisting of about 2,500 feet of hose in the expert hands of one company of the fire department. Powerful streams of water at high pressure remove dust, spider webs, insects of all kinds, birds' nests and other foreign substances from the many crevices.

India's Salt Tax.

Representing an average annual payment of 2½ pence per head, a tax on salt is one of the sources of England's revenue in India.

Ram Bux, British Loafer.

A Hindoo baker's assistant in Bombay, on setting up in business for himself, bethought him of catering for the English community as well as for the native one. With this end in view he had the following notification painted over his doorway: "Ram Bux solicits respectful patronage. He is a first class British loafer."

Houses In France.

It has been estimated that there are fewer than a hundred wooden dwelling houses throughout all France. Stone and plaster are the usual materials.

A Month Without a Full Moon.

The month of February, 1860, was the most remarkable month in the world's history. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. This had not occurred since the creation of the world, and, according to some astronomers, the same thing may not occur again for a period of 2,500,000,000 years.

A Waterloo Relic.

Among the curios of Windsor castle is a chair made out of the trunk of the famous elm by which Wellington stood at the battle of Waterloo.

Irish Moss.

The seaweed known as Irish moss is used to some extent as a food by the peasantry along the coasts; also as a jelly for invalids and as a stiffening for calico in the printing process.

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Poisonous Snakes.

There are only eight poisonous snakes in America, and the proportion of poisonous snakes everywhere, except in Australia, is one in four. In Australia, however, the proportion is reversed, and three-fourths of the snakes found in that country are poisonous.

Convict Gardeners.

Instead of being put to ordinary jail tasks, long sentence prisoners at Hobart, Tasmania, are employed in the local botanical gardens.

FOR THE EASTER BRIDE

Wedding Gown Worn at a Smart New York Ceremony.

PLENTY OF ROOM AT LAST.

The Story of a Woman Who Had Too Much Closet Space—Small Conveniences in the Home That Are Often Overlooked by Architects.

Dear Elsa—I have just come from such a pretty wedding, and while the event is fresh in my memory I am going to describe the bride's gown. I know that you are interested in learning about the newest bridal finery, as your sister is to be married the week after Easter. The gown worn by this smart bride was a Parisian confection, but there are lots of little suggestions to be gleaned from this masterpiece that could be carried out in less expensive materials.

To begin with, it had a deep pointed yoke of tulle, with the neck cut out round and perhaps an inch and a half below the base of the neck, the edge being finished with a narrow band of real lace. The robe itself was chiefly of chiffon, but had a foundation of charmeuse, and the soft, shimmering satin showed in the bodice and the fichu. The bodice of swathed charmeuse fitted the figure closely, coming down in a sharp point in front fully six inches below the natural waist line.



WHEN THE WEDDING BELLS RING.

The rest of the bodice ended at the regular waist line and was finished with a cord of the satin. The point in front was boned, of course, to keep it in place. The fichu, as I said before, was of the charmeuse and extended over the shoulders, running down in a point both back and front.

From under the fichu, which was slightly embroidered with lilies of the valley in crystal and silk, fell a flounce of point d'alecon that was carried down the center to the front, where the ends of the satin fichu meet a cluster of orange blossoms. The sleeves were of unlined chiffon gathered a little at both inside and outside seams and finished at the elbow with a fall of the d'alecon lace. The skirt had deep ruffles of lace and a panel down the front. It was plain around the waist over the hips, but was gathered slightly in the back. The lace flounces on the skirt were headed with embroidered bands of the charmeuse. The veil was of fine brussels net bordered with d'alecon, and the bridal bouquet was a gorgeous bunch of orchids and gardenias.

Another charming bride wore the gown I am sending you a sketch of today. Conventional white satin is the fabric used, and the bodice is a chic draped affair caught up at the left side with a pearl cabochon. The upper sleeves are of satin and the lower ones of tulle.

And speaking of brides reminds me of a pretty little shower given by a girl to a chum about to commit matrimony. The presents, consisting of embroidered linens for household use, were all beautifully tied up in tissue paper with pink satin ribbons. A boy's express wagon was fitted up with billowy folds of pink cheesecloth and the wheels wound with ribbon, completely covering the prosaic practical appearance of the vehicle. In the center of the cart was a pole wound with ribbon and topped with a bunch of pink carnations. A little niece of the hostess, frocked in pink, was harnessed to the wagon and at a given signal trotted in with her packages. At this wedding tiny horseshoes and slippers of soft silver paper were substituted for the usual shower of rice when the couple took their departure.

HIS TRAGIC DREAM.

A Grim Ghost Story That Comes From the Netherlands.

The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family in Friesland, a province of the Netherlands. The young men were officers in the same regiment, and their only fault—a certain rash valor, so different from the quiet prudence so characteristic of their nation—made their comrades almost idolize them.

These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of gloomy places in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room. Everybody bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there.

It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped closely in his warm cloak, laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events.

After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow.

The rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets.

Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshless jaws!

The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face.

With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ballroom, the fearful, ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side.

He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utterance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. All the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets and put an end to his life.

To Gauge His Wife's Temper.

"I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day.

"What was it?" her friend inquired. "There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare, and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure."

"He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet."

Plenty of Room at Last.

Elizabeth X. has just gone into her new house. You know, Elizabeth was always complaining that she never had enough places "to put things." Well, when the "bunch" went over to inspect the house yesterday we found the lady more than satisfied as to cupboard room. There are the most wonderful closets in that house you ever saw. Great mahogany chests of drawers are built into the hall, and the linen room is a dream. There are all

Self Protection.

"You didn't really need a wig." "I was driven to it. Now the barber won't try to sell me any tonics or hair restorer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Never add the burden of yesterday's trouble to that of tomorrow. The one is past; the other may never come.

Northfield Press, Proctor Block

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The overhead wires of the street railway, telephone and telegraph companies, in fair weather as well as foul, are a constant menace to human life. Accidents are a matter of daily occurrence in the larger cities and frequent enough in towns and villages to make it necessary to enact a state law requiring all wires to be placed underground. Conduit construction has become so reasonable in price that such a law would be no hardship on the owners of wires.

The national government has already recognized the fact that it has a mission to establish a scientific standard of life saving in the mining industry.

Perhaps a workingman can exist on 20 cents a day if compelled to, but he need not be compelled to.

Your contribution to Paris may help put the city in shape to exact a heavier one next summer.

CALENDARS AND DIARIES.

Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

Northfield Pad Calendar for 1910, a separate sheet for each day, upon which there is the day and date, a passage of Scripture with comment by a Northfield speaker, and blank space for memoranda, set in an iron stand. 25 cents (postage 5 cents extra).

Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

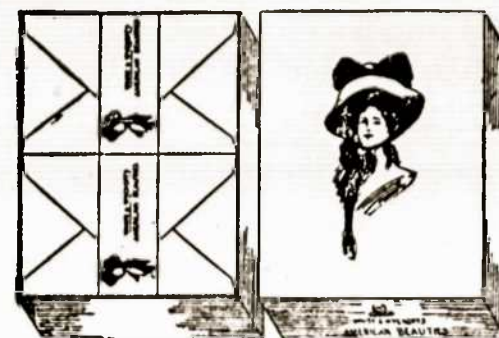
Standard diaries for 1910.
Diary edition of TEXT FOR TODAY, 35 cents.

D. L. Moody Year Book, 75 cents.

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TO PREVENT APPLE SCAB.

There may be some readers of these notes who have orchards which have been neglected for some time past and in which scab and other fungous pests hold sway, not only reducing the size of the fruit produced, but greatly injuring its quality. To right these ills one must spray the trees within the two or three weeks before the blossom buds open with the bordeaux mixture. This is made of blue vitriol (copper sulphate), lime and water and is prepared as follows: Slack five pounds of fresh stone lime in a tight box or small barrel, using care that it does not burn in the process, for the finer and more creamy its texture the better the mixture therefrom will be. When thoroughly slacked dilute to twenty-five gallons, preferably in the small barrel in which the slacking has been done. Next dissolve five pounds of the copper sulphate in two or three gallons of water and dilute to twenty-five gallons. This may be done in a fifty-five gallon vinegar barrel and the diluted lime mixture added, the contents being stirred thoroughly as each pailful is poured in. When all of the lime-water has been added and the contents have been thoroughly stirred the mixture should be tested by taking a little of it in a small dish and adding a few drops of prussiate of potash, a deadly poison. If a chocolate brown precipitate results it means that there is not enough lime in the mixture, and enough should be added so that the portion tested will not turn the reddish brown. However, in making many tests of this kind the writer has never got the brown precipitate when the above amount of lime was used. For small operations the barrel spray outfit will likely be used, and the solution should be strained through a twenty mesh copper strainer or two thicknesses of gunny sacking. Where the operations are on a large scale the above "5-5-50" receipt, as it is called, may be multiplied as occasion may require. In this case a saturated stock solution of the copper sulphate may be kept on hand, made by suspending in a sack in a keg of water more of the chemical than will dissolve. A gallon and two-thirds of this solution will give the necessary five pounds of the lime solution should be added so that the chocolate precipitate will not result when a few drops of the prussiate of potash are added. The solution should be kept agitated while it is being used and should be applied to the trees under heavy pressure. Where orchards are badly infested with scab, sooty blotch and other fungous pests a second and even a third treatment should be given with the bordeaux, it being well to add paris green to that applied just after the blossoms fall, in order to kill the larvae of the codling moth. Spraying treatment of this kind will do wonders for the fruit of a neglected orchard, and the showing on the books will be changed from loss to profit.

A NEW APPLE CLASSIFICATION.

At the recent national apple show held at Spokane, Wash., various resolutions were adopted tending to foster the development of the apple industry, and among the most important were those outlining a new and what it is hoped will be uniformly adopted as the country's apple classification. The resolutions were as follows: "First, that our apples be packed in three grades. Second, that the said grades be named 'extra fancy,' 'choice' and 'orchard run.' Third, that where the words 'extra fancy' are stamped on a box it shall signify that the apples when packed were sound, uniformly graded as to size in each box, smooth, practically free from bruises, worms, worm stings or disease and have reasonably proper shape for the variety, fully matured; all red varieties in this grade shall be at least 50 per cent red, except Spitzenburgs, Winesaps, Jonathans and Arkansas Blacks, which shall be at least 70 per cent red; Yellow Newtowns, White Winter Pearmaines, Grimes' Goldenes, Belleflowers, Ortleys, Winter Bananas and Red Cheek pippins will be allowed in this grade. Fourth, that the 'choice' grade shall consist of apples sound, uniformly graded as to size in each box, free from any breaks in the skin or black

bruises, also free from worms or any disease which materially injures the quality of the apple. Fifth, that where for any reason the grower or packer does not care to use the 'extra fancy' or 'choice' grades we recommend the varieties be packed in one grade, termed 'orchard run,' which shall apply to apples free from worms or any disease which materially injures the quality of the apple and those not smaller than five tier nor less than two inches in diameter."

Nebraska is going through the usual change from a grain raising to a stock and dairy state, as shown by her output last year of 30,000,000 pounds of butter. This is not a large output of butter as compared with some other states, but it is a very creditable showing and indicates a move in the right direction.

The hired man employed on the place should not only be able to do the work assigned him creditably, but should be clean of mind and mouth if he is not to be a source of contamination to the young folks in the home, who are really of much more importance than any of the fine stock raised on the premises.

We know of more than one instance where the man of the house has been too poor to subscribe for a journal for his wife costing 2 cents a week when he does not bat an eyelid at handing from \$1 to \$2 a week over the counter for chewing and smoking tobacco. This is a mighty one sided proposition, if there ever was one.

Many folks reach middle life or past without seeming to realize the very simple fact that the laying by of a sum for a rainy day or for future business operations depends on having receipts exceed expenditures by a modest margin each year. Circumstances may arise which make it impossible to carry out such a plan uninterruptedly, but it will prove helpful if such a purpose is kept always in mind.

It need hardly be said that the orchards in the favored valleys of the west, which have been known to yield a net revenue of as high as \$1,500 per acre in a single season, are not also used as hog lots and calf pastures. While one hears of dual purpose cows and dual purpose hens, there is no such thing in the famous apple sections referred to as a dual purpose fruit ranch. It is to this fact largely that the success achieved is due.

In addition to agricultural resources which are shown in the production of 90,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1900, the state of North Dakota is rated by those who have investigated the matter to contain 31,240 square miles of lignite coal, a carboniferous deposit that is geologically about halfway in process of formation between peat and soft coal. This enormous deposit of fuel, which is bound to prove a potent factor in the industrial development of the state, is worth 90 cents a ton at the mine and is put in the bin of the consumer at \$2.75 per ton.

When a home seeker has not positive knowledge beforehand of the character of the subsoil in the new country in which he plans to locate he will do well to postpone closing any deal on a piece of land until such time as he can bore down from four to six feet and find out what lies beneath. Not infrequently have land purchases been made in winter when the ground was frozen hard and covered with snow, which on the coming of warmer weather developed into bogs or stretches of sand and hardpan. Caution in this respect will often avert costly as well as bitter experience.

There is no factor vitally affecting the perpetuity of America as a nation that begins to compare in importance with that having to do with conserving the home life of the nation—through checking the pestilence of divorce, purifying and remodeling the home and changing it from the roosting place it so often is to an altar where the fires of home life and love burn with a pure and steady light. We need to develop the conservation policy with reference to the husbanding of our material resources as a nation, but even more are we in need of the beneficent influence of better homes.

The heavy snows and severe weather quite prevalent throughout the northern states and keeping stock from the usual range in stalk fields and meadows are calling attention very forcibly to some method of utilizing the stalk roughage of the farm in such way as will put the handling of it beyond interruption by deep snows or other unfavorable weather conditions. The method that will do this more satisfactorily than any other is the silo, the installation of which on the farm will double the feeding value of every acre of corn. As land prices advance and soil fertility becomes depleted the silo will be viewed as a necessity on every farm in the corn belt where feeding operations are carried on to an extent worth mentioning.

In the same way that a milk or beef habit may be developed in the case of cattle, so the wool yielding habit may be increased by the process of selection in the breeding of sheep. In this way the annual clip may be increased from three to five pounds per head.

More folks starve from lack of consideration and appreciation than ever do from the wherewithal to satisfy their physical appetites, and this in spite of the fact that the things referred to cost nothing, but in the bestowal rather enrich than impoverish the giver.

The cultivated strawberry of the garden is a descendant of a variety introduced into this country from Chile some 200 years ago and a native variety common to the United States and southern Canada. The choicest market varieties are the result of man's intervention in cross fertilization.

The most vital question which is before the corn grower to settle the coming spring is "Will my seed corn grow?" The answering of this question by giving the seed saved a thorough individual ear test is the only sensible course to adopt in getting at the kernel of the matter.

The Shasta daisy, the best floral creation of Luther Burbank and a flower much in evidence at the Seattle exposition, is a beautiful member of the composite family, with long white strap shaped petals and a beautiful yellow heart. It is very hardy, a vigorous grower and prefers a rich, loose, well drained soil and frequent watering. The one thing to guard against in the culture of the plant is its tendency to overbloom.

Every hog raiser might reduce the cost of pork production materially if he would provide a field of rape of sufficient size for his pigs to range in during the summer months. It is estimated that an acre devoted to rape will produce a food supply in one season worth from \$20 to \$25. It may be sown as soon as the ground works well and at the rate of about three pounds per acre. It should be allowed to get a good start before the pigs are turned into it.

There seems to be a taste in apple color differing with localities or countries, just as there is a difference in preference for eggs, white or brown, in different cities. The Englishman prefers a yellow apple—the Newtown Pippin—while across the channel in France and Germany the blood red Spitzenburg is the favorite. Such preferences may be due to trivial and almost intangible causes, yet they constitute an important factor in the practical marketing of apples which are shipped from this country to Europe.

Bees are diminutive creatures, but collectively they are a very considerable factor in the business and commerce of the country. Late statistics show that the honey and wax industry of the United States has an annual value of \$25,000,000, while it is estimated that the capital invested in the business totals \$100,000,000. The number of those who keep bees and produce honey for market in any quantity is placed at 275,000, while the number of those who keep a hive or two to supply sweets for the family is very large. These are the tangible assets of the bee business. Another service bees render doubtless far in excess of the value of the honey they produce is that of the fertilizing of many varieties of fruit blossoms, vegetables, certain clovers and alfalfa.

In spite of the statement so often made that there will be a serious overproduction of apples if the planting of new orchards continues at the present rate there seems to be slight ground for apprehension in view of the statistics of apple production for the past fourteen years. This cry of overproduction was raised as long ago as the fifties and sixties, but the dire prophecy has never materialized. In spite of the rapid increase of population there has been a marked decrease in apple production during the past fourteen years, doubtless largely due to inroads of insects and fungous pests, exhausted soils, unfavorable climatic conditions and general carelessness and neglect. To those who have thought on the matter the following figures will be significant. There may be an overproduction of apples some time, but this doesn't look like it:

Year.	Barrels.
1886	60,453,000
1886	63,070,000
1887	41,535,000
1888	28,570,000
1889	58,406,000
1890	56,820,000
1891	25,970,000
1892	46,625,000
1893	46,625,000
1894	45,360,000
1895	24,310,000
1896	38,290,000
1897	28,690,000
1898	23,025,000
1899	27,000,000

A SECOND MEETING.

The Earl of Stanhope and the Trusting Highwayman.

One night when the Earl of Stanhope was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on; "that watch you must not have. It was given to me by one I love. It is worth £100. If you will trust me, I will go back to Chevening and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining.

Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the letter, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner."

A strange story, but the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.—London Spectator.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

The Red Rose Sprang From a Drop of Mohammed's Blood.

"A truly religious Turk looks upon the rose with great reverence," said a florist. "The rose is beyond question the prettiest flower that blooms, and it was so considered by the Turks many years before the conquest of Granada. There is a religious legend generally believed in throughout Turkey that the red rose sprang from a drop of the great prophet Mohammed's blood. Everything beautiful in nature is ascribed to him. The Turks, therefore, have great reverence for the flower and allow it to bloom and die untouched, except on state occasions and for the purpose of making rose-water."

"After the conquest by the Turks they would not worship in any church until the walls were cleansed and washed with rosewater and thus purified by the blood of the prophet. It is used on the body for the same purpose. A Turk whose conscience is stung by some act or deed he has committed will caress and pay reverence to the rose to appease the wrath of the prophet and Allah."

"With these ideas inculcated in him from youth it would shock him severely to see the pretty flower strewn in the path of a bridal couple, thrown on the public stage or barked up in hundreds at a swell reception or party to be crushed and spoiled in an evening."

Notes on Speed.

The maximum speed acquired by the average person in swimming comfortably is thirty-nine inches a second, while oarsmen in an eight oared boat acquire a speed of 197 inches in a second. Skaters average from nine to ten yards a second. The horse can gallop six miles in an hour for a considerable length of time. The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs at the rate of seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second, which would give it a speed of 4,800 feet in a minute if it could keep it up. The whale struck by a harpoon has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards a minute. A species of falcon known as the wandering falcon flies from north Africa to northern Germany in one unbroken flight, making the distance in eleven hours.

Rules of Sleep.

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep, and time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour and to rise in the morning the moment they awake, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. That is the only safe and sufficient rule, and, as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself. Great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—London Globe.

Bunched His Blunders.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean, Maria?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were fifty-two."—Chicago Tribune.



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The Thrifty Maid.

"Goodbye forever!" said the young man coldly as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Goodbye," said the fair maid in the parlor scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger, and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."—Chicago News.

A piece of alum placed in the drinking water of the flock of poultry every three or four weeks will serve as a preventive of lung and throat diseases.

There are a good many pretty unprofitable propositions, but about the most no account thing is a good for nothing cur. He has no excuse for being on top of the ground.

Preliminary surveys are being made for an irrigation project in the Big Bend district in the state of Washington which, when completed, will water 500,000 acres of very rich land. The system will require several years to complete and will cost many millions of dollars.

One should never buy from unknown parties so far away from home that he cannot reach them with a club, in way of recourse in case the stuff he gets is not satisfactory. Many who bite on the low price bait forget this fact sometimes and can only grind their teeth when disappointed.

A good neighbor and a road drag that is used are similar in that they are community blessings. Nary a section but would be better off with more of both of 'em.

He is a wise farmer who not only inspects and tests his seed corn, but also keeps an eye on his congressman down at Washington, for important things will be doing in the next few weeks.

The Redcoats.

An incident at the siege of Rouen in 1591 shows that red was looked upon as the English color, for in mentioning the death of one of the Earl of Essex's captains it is remarked that the Frenchman who shot him got near enough to do so by putting on the red coat of a dead English soldier. In 1643 the king's life guards, as also the queen's and Prince Rupert's, wore red coats.

Listen.

"Well, Henry, how do you like your neighbors?"

"Not at all; they're so quiet that I daren't move or mamma can't hear what they're saying."—Bon Vivant

A Question of Time.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth.

"That depends entirely on how long you live," replied the sad looking man.—Philadelphia Record.

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STREET TREES' VALUE.

They Increase Price of Real Estate and Make Town Attractive.

Not all one's time and means should be given to one's own premises. Opportunities are many for caring for public property where the same represents a value to you that should be plain to see. In the district where the writer lives several of us gave \$5 each to save some oaks out in the street. One man, in front of whose place grew a very fine tree, gave \$10 and would if necessary have given more in order to preserve it. We all benefit by the presence of these trees, and the value of real estate and the reputation of the neighborhood are benefited by the preservation of all such trees.

A case is known where a land company in putting a new tract upon the market ran the sidewalk around a large tree. Inasmuch as they were ignorant of what a tree needs most (air) they had the cement walk placed close about the tree. In grading the street they took off the best one or two feet of soil. As if this was not sufficient to destroy any tree, they filled the street. Any ordinarily intelligent individual should have known that the tree would die, and no doubt the agents suspected as much, but they were selling lots, and, as a rule, rank deception is part of the game. Of course the tree died, and in time some one cut it down for fuel. Later some boys set fire to the stump, and a great hole was burned in the earth. Comes now an enterprising, public spirited citizen, one of those good souls who are of the veritable "salt of the earth." He caused a deep hole to be dug, the full size of the opening through the cement. Good soil was placed therein and a young tree planted. Now for the sequel. The young tree grew apace, and a few years after the lot in front of which the tree grew was sold at several hundred dollars more than were asked for the adjoining lots. Do street trees have a value? Another question arises which is not difficult of solution: If they have a value so high as demonstrated by the above instance, why do we not pass a reasonable street tree ordinance and provide a sufficient city forestry department? If a number of people demanded such legislation it would be enacted.

TOWN'S NOVEL PLAN.

Dennison, Tex., Will Have "Tree Day" to Make Village Beautiful.

A unique plan for the improving and beautifying of the town was recently devised by the park commission of Dennison, Tex. The commission has announced plans for a "tree day" in the near future. The children and people of the city will be invited to bring trees to beautify the park. It at present possesses a fine growth of native trees, but the majority are oak, and they do not furnish the proper amount of shade and in many cases are not located to good advantage. Tree day is to be a day of celebration. Holes for the trees to be given will be dug in advance, so that everything will be in readiness. It is planned to plant a double row entirely surrounding the park and to fill in vacant spots. The idea has met with instant favor, and it is expected that the school children, lodges, societies and the citizens in general will take it up. During the past year a number of concrete walks have been built, a fountain has been installed, the band stand has been reconstructed, a zoo has been started, and many flower beds have been laid out and maintained throughout the summer. The citizens have been liberal to the park, and a caretaker has been constantly on duty. Next year's tax levy includes a two cent park tax, which will create a considerable improvement fund. When needed the services of the 1,200 park boosters, or the members of the Junior Park association, to give them a more dignified name, have been called in, and it is intended to use the boys in the future.

Poetic Influence on Schools.

The influences which have caused the people of the western part of Kansas to beautify the landscape with trees came from the public schools. The children in the sod schoolhouses of the plains twenty-five years ago were taught to read and recite the poems of Bryant, Whittier and others. Children who had never seen a grove or forest of great trees were delighted with the stories of Irving and of the deep woods where Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years.

All they knew of the world was the broad expanse of prairie land which they lived in. In hundreds of these early schools Bryant's classic, "The Groves Were God's First Temples," was recited on each Friday afternoon. State Superintendent Fairchild and other educators of Kansas declare that it is owing to this class of literature in the schools of western Kansas more than any other cause that the children of twenty-five years ago, now grown to manhood, are turning to the practical work of transforming a prairie country into a land of groves and forests.

The Simplon Tunnel.

The Simplon tunnel is twelve miles long and 7,000 feet below the mountain peaks.

SARAH'S FIVE ACRES.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

Zeph Smith, bachelor, was a Long Island farmer, whose sister kept house for him. In a farmhouse almost across the highway from the Smith place lived Sarah White. Sarah was an old maid and lived with her father and mother.

One day Zeph lounged over to the other house and found Sarah sewing rags for a new carpet.

"Sarah, I think me 'n' you had better get married," he said.

It was sudden, and Sarah lost her needle. It was sudden, and Sarah blushed. Then she recovered her lost needle and looked up to reply:

"Well, Zeph, if you think best."

When Zeph went home and told his sister that he was to be married and she asked him when he carelessly replied:

"Oh, I can't say as to that, but it will come about some time."

After a year or so and after the neighbors had decided that there would be no match Zeph went over to spend an evening with his fiancée. It was popcorn night, and as they popped and ate he casually inquired:

"Sarah, me 'n' you are going to get married some day, ain't we?"

"I dunno," she replied.

"But of course we are. I asked you a whole year ago, and you said yes, and I shall hold you to it. By Jiminy, Sarah, but I think a heap of you!"

At the end of another year about the same performance was gone through with. Zeph didn't intend to be mean about it. It was just his way. If Sarah had got right up and said they must be married within two weeks or he could go to Texas they would have been wed. As long as she didn't, why hurry things up? Three years had almost passed away when the matter was taken out of their hands. Cupid was replaced by a tin peddler, and the latter proved that he could give the little god of love spades and cards and then win the game.

At the age of twenty Sarah had been left five acres of land bordering on Long Island sound. It was rocky and sandy and sterile.

One day the tin peddler heard of the case of Zeph and Sarah from a customer. He criticised Zeph and felt sorry for Sarah, and he determined to right things. Perhaps, he thought, that one good deed toward the end of his career would offset all the little tricks he had worked. He heard of the land at the same time he heard of the long and lingering engagement, and he wasn't half an hour laying plans. A week later he put up at a farmhouse a mile away, but near the five acres. Under the pretense of not feeling well he made a stay of two days. Then he drove to the house of Zeph Smith and was told by the sister in what field to find him. Zeph loved and admired tin peddlers. They were never in a hurry, and they had traveled and seen the world. He stopped his plowing to greet this one, and they were soon seated in the shade of a tree. The peddler was looking mysterious. He was looking around to see if anybody but the plow horses was present.

"Do you want money?" he finally whispered.

Zeph replied that he did.

"Have you ever heard of Captain Kidd?"

Zeph acknowledged his guilt.

"Do you know that he buried thousands of dollars within two miles of you?"

Zeph's mouth opened wide, and his eyes hung out.

"And I've got some of the coins! Look at these!"

He stretched out his hand, and on the palm rested three or four ancient coins.

"And—and what?" gasped the farmer after a long look.

"We'll dig them up together and divide even up. I might have done it alone, but you see I must have the consent of the owner of the land. I understand that you know her—Miss Sarah White?"

"Why, I'm going to marry her!"

"Gee, but that's fine! When is it to come off?"

"Oh, some time or other! No hurry about it."

"There isn't, eh? No hurry when I picked up these coins beside a big rock just above high water and feel sure there are boxes of them under the rock! No hurry when the next man may grab the whole thing! Why, I'll go over and buy the land from the woman myself!"

"Say, say, you hold on!" put in Zeph. "I won't let you buy it of her. I say I'm going to marry her!"

"But you can't wait a year or a month. You can't wait another day. Parties may land by that big rock any hour, and if they do—"

But Zeph was taking the horses from the plow. He mounted one and rode for the barn. By the time the peddler reached the house one had been hitched to a buggy and the farmer was in the house donning his Sunday suit. As he came out he said:

"I'll get Sarah and drive to the preacher's and have the knot tied. You wait here."

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Sarah was skimming milk, but she got a hustle on her, and horse, buggy and the two loving hearts disappeared in the direction of the village in a cloud of dust. Then the peddler mounted his wagon and drove in the opposite direction. Zeph had looked in vain for that treasure, but all agree that he has found a good wife. The peddler lied, of course, but who wouldn't lie to make two people happy for life?

A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks. On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply. "For he has an easy conscience and is out o' debt, and that's mair than you or I can say."

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

Waiting to Find Out.

Cincinnati Tourist (who for the first time has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before and who looks up from a French bill of fare)—Yes, Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—Chicago News.

The Funny Doctor.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Goodman, how could you bring out a young child on such a day as this with such a strong east wind blowing? Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possibly know what wind it is?—London Answers.

Perfectly Cool.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into the house. Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.—Boston Transcript.

Food and Fresh Air.

You can live forty days without food, but you cannot live four minutes without air. These things being true, is it wise to stuff ourselves with food and starve ourselves for want of air?

Not Always.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a probability and a possibility? Tommy's Pop—A probability, my son, is something you want to happen.—Philadelphia Record.

Taught Him a Lesson.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?"

"I tried that once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It belongs to great men to have great defects.—French Proverb.



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Neckwear

An elegant assortment of new neckwear for the spring trade. I selected the silks and had the neckwear made up on the latest models.

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Self Confidence Lacking.

The storekeeper that says "Guess that trade conditions are against this particular locality" is looking at conditions from the wrong end of the spy-glass. Instead of conditions being against the trading center the whole fault lies with his method of trying to get trade that is going to his competitor. All that he needs is a little infusion of self confidence, mixed with self help, which means that he believes in his ability to "get there" and is determined to help himself to arrive by applying business methods to business.